

The Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 21, 1825.

WHOLE NO. 199.

Vol. IV.—No. 21.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 53 Market street, four doors below Second street.

TERMS—\$2 00 per annum, if paid in advance,
\$2 50 at the end of six months, and
\$3 00 if not paid within the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding a square,
inserted three times for 25¢ larger ones in pro-
portion—a liberal deduction made to select writers.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CHILD OF POVERTY.

Ah! see, advance you pensive form,
Keen sorrow dwells upon his brow;
No garments neat his limbs adorn,
But tattered rags around him flow:
His little voice in piteous tone,
Stead fastly on the passing car,
And while he makes his sorrow known,
His cheeks receive the falling tear:
Stranger, ask not who this may be,
It is the Child of Poverty.

With timid pulse his bosom beats,
As lonely to the earth he bends—
And fancies in each gaze he meets
A look where sorrow's piteous blends:
But when he sees a pale despair
Now circles round his youthful form,
He finds but indignation there,
And not a ray of mercy glow—
For soon the stranger turns, you see,
And scorns the Child of Poverty.

See sight approach, in all its dread,
The trembling boy no shelter finds,
The earth receives his shivering head,
And horror o'er his shivering finds:
Sorrow, and unknown, his youthful form
Sheds forth the sullen shades of even,
Exposed to man's reckless storm,
That shake the darkened vaults of Heaven;
And bids their burning fury free
The hapless Child of Poverty.

Now shrinking from the hollow blast,
His weary limbs no longer leave
Those corners, or secure of sorrow past,
He sinks a victim to the grave:
Low down beneath the silent turf,
His bosom rests from all its woes;
Free from the pangs of care and earth,
Is pillow'd now in sweet repose.
Yet stranger, once this child like thee,
Was torn the Child of Poverty.

Gay wealth, in giddy torrents poured
Upon his lot, his lot of steady bread,
Gave circles to the festive board,
And friends in glittering crowds were seen;
The gilded halls then rang with joy,
The parents told their doings prove,
They clasp'd his hand, his smiling face,
The children of their wealth were seen:
No did they dream that form would be
The trembling Child of Poverty.

But Fate approached with chilly hand,
And burst the joyous hands of mirth;
One parent died in foreign land,
The other drooped to native earth;
No more the revel laugh was heard
Sound along the gilded hall;
The wealth, by ruthless hand secured,
The structure soon to ruin falls,
And leaves the hapless boy you see,
The Child of Woe, and Poverty.

May gratitude and love, and praise,
Their fragrance impart,
To cheer the evening of my days,
And fill my raptur'd heart.

And when life's latest hours recede
From earth and time away,
May glory, bliss, and light succeed
In bright effulgence—
Then as the colours of an arch,
Are blended all in one,
May I with Christ's Triumphal church,
Compose an everlasting Arch,
A Rainbow round his throne. CERUS.

THE MORALIST.

When the world begins to recede from our view, and the realities of eternity are just ready to burst upon us, we begin to form some just estimate of the consolations of religion, and some rational, though imperfect conceptions of the value of the soul and the importance of its salvation. But while the storms of adversity slumber, and death appears to be lingering on the borders of distant years, and we are cheered with the sunshine of health and prosperity, we are apt to place at a remote distance those momentous things which concern us as dying creatures, and "put far away the evil day," which often comes suddenly upon us. The distant sound of alarm just interrupts our slumbers; does away upon the ear, and we imagine all is well—
We turn our heads upon the soft pillows and sink again to repose. But as the cry approaches with increasing loudness, and the constant peals of the alarm-bell strike upon the ear, and the burning flame dazzles our slumbering eyes, we wake—start up—forsake our slumbers, and rush forth to secure our own safety, and aid in rescuing others from impending danger. The most zealous and devoted, who have accustomed themselves to meditate much on the scenes of death, and the concerns of a future world, when they come to view the subject near, and to look at them in the light of eternity, find that they have had very imperfect conceptions of their magnitude and importance. They then feel that all their labours and exertions have been but weak attempts, and they are astonished that they have so long slumbered over perishing souls. With what earnestness do we see many on a dying bed, urging Christians to greater faithfulness, and pleading with impatient sinners to become reconciled to God, and prepare for the day of retribution.

What allowances it may please God to make for the prejudices, and passions, the slights and blasphemies of unthinking careless men, who have never embraced the faith of Jesus, it may not perhaps concern us to enquire; but we know that we are responsible to that law which we profess, and to that Master whom we serve; that to us indifference is infidelity, and disobedience treason; that wilful unrepented sin in a Christian is without hope as without excuse, and exposes him even with his own full consent to all the punishments of the Gospel.

Dr. Franklin, in a letter to Dr. Mather, says, "The last time I saw my father was in 1743. On taking my leave, he showed me a short way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning towards him, when he said hastily, *slip! slip!* I did not understand him, till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, 'you are young, and have the world before you—STOOP as you go through it, and you will miss many hard things.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me, and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by thus carrying their heads too high."

Lord! let no unreasonable stiffness of those who are in the right, no perverse obstinacy of those who are in the wrong, hinder the closing of our wounds, but let the one instruct in meekness, and be thou pleased to give to the other repentance, to the acknowledgment of the truth. To this end, do thou, O Lord, mollify all exasperated minds; take off all animosities and prejudices, contempt and hatred; burlesque, and, by uniting their hearts, prepare for the reconciling of their opinions; and that nothing may intercept the clear sight of thy truth, Lord, let all private and secular designs be totally laid aside, that gain may no longer be the measure of our godliness, but that the one great and common concernment of truth and peace may be unanimously and vigorously pursued. And do thou so guide and prosper all *peaceful* endeavors, that these happy primitive days may, at length revert, wherein vice was the only heresy.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

Metkins the prettiest tot of early bliss,
When mother gazes on her child;
Her infant babe, and gives that long sweet kiss,
Which thrills the soul with rapture soft and wild.

Tracing with rapid eye, its little form,
On her lap, the tiny creature smiles—
Emblem of innocence—to which her warm,
Fond bosom swells in love, that fair beguiles.

Now at arm's length she feasts her longing gaze,
Then quickly darts it to her pointing lip;
Views it still o'er and o'er, while glad she plays,
And from its mouth seems honey to sip.

Oh! thrilling transport! oh! joy'd delight,
Her little form of happiness is there;
The joyous pride which makes her sorrows light,
And well repays her for a mother's care.

But hush! young sleep now lights upon his brow,
Her half-drawn breath may not disturb its rest;
With gentlest motion she presses it now,
"Tis softly pillow'd on her downy breast."

THE KENTUCKY LADIES.

The author of a series of letters "on the condition of Kentucky," published in the Richmond Enquirer, says:
"The ladies in Kentucky are in general larger in stature than in your state. Springing, as it were, from a richer soil, their persons indicate a regular, well proportioned, and more healthful growth; they are large enough to be stately, without being awkward; their symmetry is more the gift of nature than of art and fashion; their features are in general regular and handsome, without being beautiful, and are well adapted to convey the impression of an improved mind. Their deportments are in general dignified, evincing exalted virtues, yet gracefully condescending, easy, candid, and unaffected. Accustomed to social intercourse, and a frequent introduction to strangers, they are at once affable, receive a gentleman as a friend, and a stran-

ger as an acquaintance. The generous hospitality of their hearts is displayed in the kindness of their manners. Their style of dress is neat, easy, and fashionable, though sometimes too ornamental.
"In general, their minds are stored with substantial and useful knowledge, and in many instances embellished with the fashionable accomplishments. Cheerful in disposition, their conversation is seasonably lively and interesting; the follies and foibles of the sex, and the beauties of a beau, or the fashions of a dress, yield to more rational and edifying subjects of conversation. The ladies of Kentucky possess all that is useful belonging to their sex in any state, but they are destitute of the engaging softness of the southern, and attractive beauty of the northern ladies. I met, however, with a few individuals of the sex who possessed every thing that was necessary to please the eye, to interest the heart, and delight the mind."

COLLECTANEA.

THE NEWSPAPER.

"This folio of our pages, happy work!
Which not even critics censure;
What is it but a way of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vain concerns?"

Of all the publications which come from the press, none are so interesting, none so useful, as a newspaper. This book may be useful on a particular subject—and another book may be entertaining from its style, its novelty, or from the information it imparts; but the newspaper is interesting, useful, and entertaining on all subjects. Perhaps you prefer history—the well conducted newspaper furnishes a standing history of the times. Do you wish religious instruction? the newspaper, to him who "looks through nature up to nature's God," affords it in the positive examples of the good, and the negative examples of the wicked; it tells what the world is doing for the good cause, and cries aloud against the crimes which are a reproach to the people. The newspaper gives you the latest discoveries in Geography and Astronomy; it tells you what improvements are making in the growth of the countries; it gives you the latest inventions and improvements in mechanics, in agriculture and domestic economy. It furnishes an account of the proceedings of governments; and enables people to know and judge of the propriety or impropriety of measures. It is "the tyrant's foe, the people's friend," when managed with integrity.

"When the writer of this article was not more than ten years of age, living in a country town, where there was no mail, and of course where newspapers were procured with difficulty, he recollects the avidity with which he laid hold of a newspaper, even if it were months old; that he could be made to stop for nothing until he had extracted all the information it contained. To this curiosity he owes all the literary taste he ever possessed—to this curiosity he owes the ability of penning this article—to this curiosity he owes his means of livelihood—to this curiosity alone he owes that he has been able successfully to combat in the 'war of words' with men who have made the study of letters the whole business of their lives.

How many families are there that might be furnished with a newspaper at their doors, who neglect taking them because of the trifling sum which they cost! If the heads of such families would reflect, that this trifling sum might be hundreds of dollars advantage to each of their children in after life, none could neglect taking the newspaper.

The origin of the Island of Nantucket.

On the west end of Martha's vineyard there are indications of subterranean fires. The Indians used to say, that before the coming of the Europeans to this continent, there resided a Deity, whose name was Mansop, and that he used to step out upon the rocks that run into the sea, and take up what he wanted for his dinner on coals; and that some time he used to invite the Indians to eat the relics of his meal, and that they, for his very great kindness, agreed to give him all the tobacco that grew on the island in one year, which was scarcely enough to fill his great pipe;—that he smoked it out, turned the ashes into the sea, which formed the Island of Nantucket. But upon the coming of the Europeans to America, Mansop retired in disgust, and has never since been heard of.

There is wit and truth in the following hit at the inventive genius of our country, and at what is really mischievous, the facility with which men, who have acquired names of some invention, lend themselves to the support of such *gimmicks*.

Patent! Patent! Patent teeth instruments, patent pills, and patent lancets, are, in our opinion, all of a piece: and when medical men countenance, and even patronize such useless efforts of human ingenuity, they encourage artizans who might be better employed to labour entirely in vain. What is there in this country that does not go by patent? We were lately acquainted with a gentleman who was a patent hat, bought patent boots, with patent shoes, and daily besmeared his face with Convey's patent cream plaster. Not satisfied with this, he crawled into a patent dog skin shirt, and kept up his small clothes by patent suspenders; kept his chapped hands warm by patent spring back gloves—*and, finally, falling sick of a fever, took forty dollars worth of patent physic from a patent Doctor; and after languishing a while on one of Jenck's patent bedsteads, he died—as all patent things do—prematurely—was placed in a patent cedar wood coffin, borne on a patent spring hearse, to a patent eight-light tomb, where he now lies—a striking emblem of numerous inventions which claim the protection of our American patent laws."*

PRECOCITY.

This is another word for the forwardness of ill-bred children. Among the variety of Tales to which this novel-reading and novel-writing age has given birth, is a Collection, much read, under the title of "Sayings and Doings," from one of which the following Extract is taken. The incident is amusing enough, and not without a moral.

"The Colonel had dismissed his young friend, with an approving compliment, when the boy, wishing to show that he knew more than the old man thought for, looked him in the face, and asked him who lived next door to him?"

"Next door to me, my fine fellow," said the Colonel, "why, nobody—that is to say, I live in the country, far from any other house—my next neighbor is Lord Malephant."

"Ah! said Tom, 'and he is a brute, sir?'"

"No, my dear," answered the Colonel, "he is an excellent man, and one of my oldest friends."

"Ah, then," said the boy, "who lives on the other side of you?"

"Why, my neighbor on the other side," said the Colonel, "surprised at the apparently unnatural inquisitiveness of the child, 'is the rector of my parish.'"

"Is he a brute, sir?" inquired Master Aberly.

"No, my dear," said the Colonel, "a pattern for country clergymen—never did there exist a better man."

"Ah!" said Tom, evidently disappointed.

"Why do you ask," said his father.

"I don't know," replied the boy.

"You should never ask questions, child, without knowing why," said papa.

"I do know why, only I shan't tell," said Tom.

"I desire you will, Tom," said his parent, anticipating a display of that pertinacious wit for which the donderhead was so celebrated in his own family.

"Oh, I'll tell it if you like! It's only because I wanted to know which of them gentlemen was brutes," said the boy.

"Why? my fine fellow," said the Colonel, whose curiosity was whetted by the oddity of the questions.

"Why?" replied Tom, "because when mama was talking to Daves just now, about you, she said, you was next door to a brute, and so I wanted to know who he was."

This was the signal for general consternation. [No wonder.]

Discoveries in the Moon.—Our readers are already aware that the learned Moon-shee Professor Gruthausen, of Munich, has discovered cusps, not in the air, but in the moon, and inhabitants of course. The learned professor is pursuing his researches, and it would seem, with no ordinary success, for he has been able to distinguish, not merely cultivated from uncultivated parts, but even arable and meadow lands, and to lay down the precise places where vegetation and animals are to be seen. One of his first discoveries was a large fortification; he has since improved much upon this; and has ascertained that a star redoubt is attached to it "dedicated to religious purposes." The next inquiry was to ascertain of what persuasion the moonrakers are, and this he has ascertained—"they worship the stars, and consider the earth as a natural clock," constructed, of course, on that great desideratum with its inhabitants, the perpetual motion.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DESULTORY SHEETS—No. 8.

But learn my lesson as a pious youth.

Tuning of the Shrew.

The pedestrian tour that I was pursuing in the western part of our state, led me o'er rugged mountains and through delightful valleys, by smiling villages and solitary forests: for I was governed in my wanderings only by the dictates of a vagrant inclination, which turning for variety, from the highway to the untracked field—from the bustling inn to the city cottage. A warm admirer of nature, I sought her in her unvisited retreats, and would stroll for hours together along the banks of some angry stream that rushed like a wild colt from the mountain, all headlong and foaming; or climb the pinnacle of some towering rocks, from whose height I could command a fair view of the surrounding country.

It was now the beginning of September, and the days were hot and sultry—the whole country seemed to languish with the luxuriance of nature—every fruit tree was charged with a grateful load, and the forests were a dense mass of green—the roads, too, were covered with dust, but I cared little for that, for I determined to leave them all together, and take my way across the country, intending, in this manner, to reach a spot which yet lay a good many miles off, and which I had proposed to myself as one of the bounds of my excursion. The third day after my leaving the high road, was an exceeding warm one. I slung my gun listlessly over my shoulder, and sauntered carelessly along, whilst my constant companion, a favourite dog, came panting behind me. The mountain which I had commenced descending in the morning, was studded, or rather composed, of huge masses of rock, that rendered much care necessary to secure my safe progress. But my toil-some exertions were rewarded by the beautiful landscape that lay open to my view. A richer diversity of hill and dale I have never seen, and it was all rendered many times more beautiful by the cloudless sky that hung above. A far down the valley which was inclosed between the two opposite hills, and then winding around the base of the one where stood, expanded at a distance to my right, I could just perceive the glitter of a sheet of water that I judged to be a branch of the river I knew myself to be approaching.

At length, when I arrived at the foot of the mountain, I suddenly found myself standing on the rocky bank of a beautiful stream that lay silently beneath, as calm and clear as it was possible to be. I stood for a short time entranced in admiration—the trees that shot out from amongst the huge masses of stone that formed one of its boundaries, intertwining with their tall brothers of the opposite side, and forming a rule arch, completely screening the limpid waters whose tranquility I accounted for, by imagining that some mill was erected on them, although in the view I had taken during the morning, no sign of habitation was visible. The most profound stillness reigned—the tenants of the wood seemed overcome by the heat of the mid-day sun—even the noisiest of the tribe was hushed, and yet I thought I could distinguish a sort of deep sound, as I stood attentively listening; but whether it was the suppressed roar of the air passing through some neighboring dell, or the low murmuring of distant waterfalls, I could not say. It however seemed to give an increased character of loneliness to the spot. I looked around me for some better place than the one on which I stood, where I might take my frugal meal. At a short distance I saw the water trickling down the side of a rock, and a large beach throwing its crooked trunk almost horizontally forward, seemed to invite me to repose. As I hastened towards it, my dog, who had descended to the edge of the stream, passed near some bushes that were growing in the margin of the water. Immediately I was startled by the flapping of wings, and turning round, saw through the branches of the trees a Summer Duck alighted, darting up the creek.

Instinctively my gun was placed to my shoulder, and I fired. I was surprised for a moment at the reverberation of the report: echo answered from a thousand retreats, far and near, until the sound died away in the distance. My shot did not produce the desired effect, for the bird kept on its course; but with an uneven flight that betrayed it to be sorely wounded. I expected it would soon fall, but it disappeared among the thick

branches of the trees that overhung a curve in the stream a little way above. I called in my dog, and proceeded to despatch the few provisions I had brought with me, which were rendered doubly sweet by the excellent appetite which I had given me, and my faithful companion, too, seemed to enjoy his share with quite as great a zest as I did mine. When we finished, the sun was declining a little to the westward, but it seemed hotter than ever. Not a breath of air played amongst the leaves, or found its way to the face of the water. Still the place where I lay was comparatively cool, for the sun's rays were unable to reach it. I had formed a pleasant couch, and I resolved to devote an hour to rest. Sleep was stealing gently over me, for the many thoughts that occupied my imagination, were flooding into confusion—the brightest and darkest were mingling together, and the forms on which I had loved to dwell were indistinct in the deepening shadows. I was almost lost to external perceptions, when the sound of music rested on my ear. At first it was undefined, like the other sensations that were gradually vanishing from me, but it served to recall my scattered faculties, and I listened attentively—the sound came from up the creek, and I thought I could hear at the same time, the noise of the paddling of a boat. As it approached me, I was enabled to distinguish the following words of Burns, sung in an agreeable manner to an air wild and simple:

"Let others love the city,
Give me the lonely valley;
The dewy eve and rising moon,
Fair beaming and streaming;
Her silver light the boughs among;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his song."

When the music ceased, I endeavored to catch a view of the singer, and for this purpose cast my eye towards the bend in the stream that I have before spoken of. I heard a slight noise in the water, and presently a little boat emerged as it were from the drooping branches of the trees. The only one in it was a young female who had thrown down the small oar which she had been using, and now appeared engaged in the contemplation of a beautiful bird, undoubtedly the Summer Duck that I had a short time before wounded. There was just current enough setting down the creek to enable the boat to move slowly along, and as it floated by, it passed close to the shore, a few yards beneath the rock on which I reclined. I gazed on the fair adventurer, whom I had thus unexpectedly met, with no small degree of interest. She was a brunette, I supposed, about twenty years of age, and was dressed in a simple but elegant manner. She did not possess regular beauty, but then there was that certain something in her countenance—an air of intelligence and force of expression that almost supplied the place of it. Her hair was jet black, and hung in graceful luxuriance—her large eyes were of the same colour, and I thought bespoke a natural loveliness of character. But they were now beaming with pity on the glossy bird she had found. In nature, she was rather beneath this middle class, and was habited in a dark dress. As she proceeded down the stream, I could not turn my eyes from her. The strangeness of the circumstance, that in such a place, where I thought the prying foot of man had scarce ever penetrated—where solitude seemed undisturbed to reign, apparently far removed from any village or dwelling, to find a person of such an appearance as she whom I gazed after—to discover her in so romantic a manner, almost overwhelmed me with astonishment, and I came very near assigning her the rank of the genius of the stream.

Presently she laid the bird down in the boat, her little oar splashed in the water, and she soon disappeared amongst projecting rocks and shadowing trees. As she went, I again heard the sound of her voice, and ere it was lost, I distinguished these lines.

Oh, hush! I hear the mountain deer
Break thro' the covert shade,
Ah! well a day, 'tis hard to say,
Of what he is afraid.

The eagle, too, my light canoe
Scares from the crag above;
Well let him go, he does not know
The harmlessness of love.

Without a moment's hesitation, I determined to pursue the course of the creek until I should make some further discovery respecting the fair damsel in the boat. I felt quite anxious for the investigation, and so clambered along with the best speed I could, over rough rocks and bodies of trees, not, however, without suffering considerably from the heat and the unevenness of the ground. I had, however, scarcely proceeded half a mile before I found the stream grow somewhat wider, and soon after, I discovered a settlement, which, from its situation, I had been unable to see before. On looking round, I found myself close to a sawmill. The greater part of the dam belonging to it, was formed in a natural manner, by large rocks lying across the stream, and which fully accounted for its calmness above. Moored to a tree on one side, I saw the little boat which had borne the interesting voyager, but she, I supposed, was on the shore that raised the mill, and I fronted at a short distance through the trees. When I came to the mill, I was saluted by an elderly man, who seemed busied about it. To all appearance, he was as much surprised at the apparition of a stranger as I had been but a short time before. When we entered into conversation, I knew at once that he had been bred somewhat better than the generality of persons we might expect to meet under similar circumstances. Seated on a log, we idled away an hour in chatting, till he closed our parlance by inviting me to the house, where I felt quite anxious to be, for he told me we should meet his daughter, the fair damsel of the stream. I staid all night at the house, and was agreeably entertained, for I found Ellen a very interesting companion. The next morning, however unwillingly it might have been, I made a show of departing, but my entertainer would not listen to it, so I was even forced to stay, much to my satisfaction. I spent the day in examining a portion of the immediate vicinity, which afforded some new specimens to my already cumbersome collection of minerals, and in the evening amused Ellen by a sketch of the romantic appearance she had presented the day before. I was a good deal astonished to find so much cultivation of mind in a family situated as the one was of which I was now a guest; but when we sat down to supper, the old gentleman gave me a portion of their history, which indeed is a very common one in our country. He had been bred in Philadelphia, yet possessed a mind not at all in unison with the art of trading, but passionately fond of the country. By the time he was married and settled in business, this disposition triumphed over his interest, and he died off to the west. Here he bought the farm where he now lived, and built a saw-mill. Although

fond of the situation in which he was placed, he was totally averse to labour. Books were his principal pleasure, and he gave to them those hours, which, given to his farm, would have vastly increased its prosperity. The education of his daughter, and the pursuit of infinite gratification to him, and it was owing to this care that I now met her without any of that "mauveine bonnet," which is so inimical to good breeding. After "Mill Farm" had been settled a few years, many adventures came into its neighborhood, and soon after the war of 1812 a village had been located at a few miles distance. Just as we had finished our evening repast the sounds of a horse's hoofs were heard approaching, and a horseman rode up to the gate, where, fastening his steed, he advanced to the house. "This Ned," said the old man, "I know him by his height." Some one brought a light into the room, for we had been setting in the dusk, and the first thing it showed me was Ellen's cheeks covered with blushes—Soho, thought I, this must be our village beau, and I was not mistaken, for when he entered and was introduced to me, and we all sat down to chat together, I soon found how it was between Ellen and him, and as I was going to bed her father whispered in my ear that they were betrothed.

Next morning, before breakfast, I walked towards the mill-dam, where I met the captain, for such was the familiar title of Ellen's intended husband, who had staid with us all night. We took a stroll along the creek together, and before we returned, his open heart had let me into many of its secrets—there was something of a military appearance that I had remarked about him at first, which, added to his title, induced me to venture a remark of a military nature. My companion here seemed quite at home, and he soon told me that he had served his country in the army during the last war. He now kept a store in the village, and had just returned from an absence of some weeks down the river, having made his stay as short as possible, for Ellen had promised him her hand on his returning. He told me that they had fixed the wedding for that night, and that he expected a party of friends during the day from the village, which was about eight miles off; that I should assist at the nuptials, he considered a matter of course, and as I made no objections, it was so fixed. At breakfast, Ellen smiled and blushed, and when I joked her before the captain, put coffee into the cream-jug, which gave our meal quite a merry character. About 9 o'clock, we heard a great noise of shouting and singing on the creek, which betokened the approach of the bridal party, and we all ran out to hail them, and witness their arrival—they filled three boats, lads and lasses, all blithe and gay, every one with a joyful heart and a smiling face, and their boats flew swiftly o'er the water, as though right well pleased with their duties. When they came to the dam, they saluted us with three cheers, and we did all we could to answer them. Then they sprang out of their boats, and gave us all manner of greetings; there was one man in the company I shall never forget, for nature had made him expressly for a merry man, and placed his commission in his face, which was like a half moon, lit up by its natural mirthful appearance, and two little twinkling eyes. In honor of the occasion, he had mounted a pair of calico breeches, which gave him a wonderfully queer look, for in form he appeared as though composed of heterogeneous portions, the lower end being evidently designed for a smaller man than the upper; but as it may, he seemed the factotum of the company, and skipped or waddled about (for I can't exactly determine which) to the no small satisfaction of his companions. As we turned to go towards the house, one of the village damsels discovered that she had left something in the boat, and away flew the knight of the calico breeches to its recovery—a minute afterwards I heard a plunge, and the girls screamed out—La! Humphrey's in the water! I looked, and Humphrey was gone; presently, however, his scarlet phiz became visible, emerging from the transparent element, and giving no bad idea of the sun rising at sea. "He's been to catch fish for the captain," said one. "No, it's a loon hunt he's on," said another. "Nay, the one nor the other, Mr. Wiscaree," cried he, "but I tell you what, we're on hard duty to-day, and mind me, boys, I've taken my share of cold water, all at once, so I've nothing now to do but house the pure spirit!" and he governed himself accordingly during the day. If one might judge by the quality and quantity of his potatoes, all that we waited for now was the minister, without whom we could not get on in the business of Hymen, although Humphrey affirmed, that before a dozen witnesses he could do the job as snugly and legally as the parson. But the captain did not seem inclined to profit by the information, so he was feign to coax a couple of young villagers to matrimony, merely for the sake of having his good offices brought into requisition—and, by the bye, I thought, from certain indications which I observed, that his hearters were not much averse, to at least a portion of his proposals. I had forgotten to tell of the change he had made in his habiliments: for, on coming to the house, it was insisted that he should put on dry clothes, so we had a good laugh when he re-entered the room, for from Humphrey's peculiar formation, it was a hundred chances to one against the garments of any other person fitting him, and now he bolted in amongst the company, crammed into a pair of pantaloons as much too luxuriant in length as they were wanting in breadth; the first defect he had, however, was remedied by rolling them up to his ankles; but for his coat, there was no remedy; how he had got into it, the Lord only knows; for he lacked a wide space of meeting before, and the skirts kept at a most unfriendly distance from his middle, imitating in this particular the behaviour of his jacket, which could by no means be brought into contact with the waistband of his inferior garment behind: the two metal buttons designating the waist, repeated sixteen times their simple shoulders, whilst the quaint crease which hung in native dignity from the frizzled pate of its owner, by its friction, increased their brilliancy. The tail of the coat was, to all intents and purposes, a tail, and did not, like some of the present mode, belie its name, but it seemed sadly at outs with its supporter, for whilst it almost reached his heels, it covered but a small portion of his nether bulk, and indeed it looked so long, and so narrow, that it might very readily have been mistaken for some newly devised appendage to the abominable trowsers. Before we had quite done rallying Humphrey on his metamorphosis, the minister was discovered close to the gate, mounted on a sleek nag, with his son, an invited guest, perched on behind him, for want of a better mode of conveyance. Now there was a sort of bustle

The theatre of Weimar, (Germany,) was consumed by fire on the 21st of March last.

...the

may 21-21



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—and, finally, the enthusia
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COMMUNICATION.
of the *Bearing of the Cross*
years, since Mr. Dunlap
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highly suggested by, and
on West's painting of the
picture now exhibiting in
lery, is in some measure
projected, but is strictly an
Many of our journals
ment of surprise, that a pe
as the first, should be pro
man whose life had been
and to other pursuits, and
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of the Gulean Vreplank,
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is likewise very far from
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are justly combined. The
are useful and effective—
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COMMUNICATION.
and various character
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VERTUMUS.
of Intelligence.
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THE OLIO
Variety's very own life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Answers to the Conundrums which appeared in the Post on the 7th inst.

1. He is above doing a bad action.
2. Because she dresses well.
3. The Eye.
4. Misfortune.
5. Carrot.
6. Because it is often told.
7. Because it is a bull.
8. Because it is under arms.
9. Because he strikes the trembling liar—(Lye).
10. Because it is lightless—(guiltless.)
11. Forewell.
12. Because it is a bad habit.

THE EGGS.

Answer to the question in our last.
Of the lot containing 50, 7 cents worth were sold at seven for a cent, and for three cents, making, for the whole, ten cents. Of the lot containing 30, 4 cents worth were sold at seven for a cent, and for three cents, making, for the whole, ten cents. And of the lot containing 10, 1 cent's worth was sold at seven for a cent, and the remaining 3 were sold at three cents a piece, making, for this also, ten cents.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ADDRESS TO SCRIBBLERS.
Ah! I am happy to see a lot of you.
No being pious, none laquey my fate,
No being honest, none sympathizing there,
To soothe my sorrows, and my woes abate.

The hour has been, when pleasure was my theme,
When smiling friends encircled me around;
Alas! how changed! that hour was all a dream—
Those friends were fleeing as an empty sound.

Wouldst thou know the cause why I am left alone,
Friendless—oh! wretched! with sorrow to repine;
It was my fate that crumbled friendship's throne,
I laid to rest the influence of the Mine.

Reader, dost thou e'er feel a keen desire
To scribble sonnets to thy "dear expected"?
Restrain thy ardor, quench the muse's fire,
For, by the printer, they may be expected.

Nor canst thou have redress—"tis vain to try,
For if thou dost, it will be out of season."
Toss with a smile, "my friend, he will reply,
I cannot publish neither 'time nor reason'."

A REFORMED SCRIBBLER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ARISTO.
Long may he live, enjoying health and peace,
A nation's gratitude, with competence,
Favored by heaven, may every trouble cease,
And may he meet all joys of soul and sense;
Yet come it must—ah! be the day far hence,
Ere it be said his mortal sin is set.

Thus to him, the blessed consequence,
That while with tears a nation's eyes are wet,
Enraptured angels meet and welcome L. Fayette,
OLD FARMER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MEN'S EDITOR.
Beneath is a riddle not half a day old,
If worth while to guess it, pray let it be told.
April 20, 1825.

I traverse the ocean, I'm seen on the shore,
I wander the deserts, where fies lions roar;
I strut like a dandy, where fies the ton,
Yet the gray-headed seer has adopted me his own;
I sat by the lover when far from his dear,
The night he assu'd her his love was sincere;
The weary has sought me, where hardships did
seize,

By such was I found to their comfort and ease,
I kept a strict watch to a minute of ease,
And once was a symbol of good things foretold,
I vie with the eagle for power in flight,
And with her I rejoice in the quiet of the night.
So now gentle reader, to find out my name,
You've a whole week to try, till the Post comes again.

A Riddle.—A friend and an enemy, a blessing and a curse, serves life and takes it away, is long and short, round and square, smooth and uneven, strait and crooked, hard and soft, hot and cold, most wanted when it is the greatest plenty, accommodates itself to all tastes, sweet and of a bad smell, strong and weak, sometimes able to carry great burdens, and others will bear a pin. For this man make long journeys though they have it at home, is full of reflection, has the art to dissolve matrimony, causes famine and plenty, has the privilege to kiss the fairest lady, is subservient and overbearing, death and a medicine, fluid and solid, a mountain and valley, has a numerous offspring yet an enemy to children, the subject of miracles, a theme for poets, an improver of music, and has occasioned the fairest architecture in the world.

A nobleman observing one day at dinner a person eminent for his philosophical talents intent on choosing the delicacies of the table, said to him, "What do you philosophers love dainties?" "Why not?" returned the other; "do you think, my Lord, that the good things of this world were only made for blockheads?"

It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the Judge's dinners during the Assizes, there was present among the party a certain Dignitary of the Church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the Very Reverend Guest, "I always think, my Lord, that a certain quantity of wine does me no harm after a good dinner." "Oh no, Sir," by no means," replied the Chief Baron—"it is the uncertain quantity that does all the mischief!"

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, among the communications read was the following:

A letter from Major S. Long, giving a description of the Rocky Mountain Gap, a notice of their geographical range, and principal place of resort. The information detailed was given by Mr. Donald McKenzie, of the British Hudson Bay Company, with whom Major Long met on his late journey to St. Peter's River, at the mouth of Assiniboin river, and afterwards confirmed by Mr. Henry, of the same company, at Fort William, on Lake Superior; both these gentlemen spoke from personal observation. The fleeces of these native animals, one of which is in Peale's Museum, exceed in downy softness, that of the Thibet goats, and their introduction into the United States would add greatly to the national wealth. France has already been supplied with working up the fleeces of the Thibet animal imported a few years since, for the expense attending that memorable expedition.

EVANS' PREMIUM SELF-SHARPENING PLOUGHS.
THIS attention of Farmers is requested to this Plough. To it was awarded the Premium by the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society. It possesses the advantage of sharpening the share by its operation on the soil, and consequently saves nearly half the expense, exclusive of time lost in getting the iron sharpened. It requires the least possible draught, and turns a yard nicely. It is warranted, and if they do not please, can be returned, and the money will be refunded. Col. Brooker, Conshohocken, Harveys, Mills for breaking Corn in the Cob, Plaster Mills, &c. for sale at No. 361 Market street, from River Schuylkill, between Schuylkill and 4th streets.

JOSEPH DOWD, JR. Manufacturer, has on hand a large Assortment of HATS, NO. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20, No. 21, No. 22, No. 23, No. 24, No. 25, No. 26, No. 27, No. 28, No. 29, No. 30, No. 31, No. 32, No. 33, No. 34, No. 35, No. 36, No. 37, No. 38, No. 39, No. 40, No. 41, No. 42, No. 43, No. 44, No. 45, No. 46, No. 47, No. 48, No. 49, No. 50, No. 51, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54, No. 55, No. 56, No. 57, No. 58, No. 59, No. 60, No. 61, No. 62, No. 63, No. 64, No. 65, No. 66, No. 67, No. 68, No. 69, No. 70, No. 71, No. 72, No. 73, No. 74, No. 75, No. 76, No. 77, No. 78, No. 79, No. 80, No. 81, No. 82, No. 83, No. 84, No. 85, No. 86, No. 87, No. 88, No. 89, No. 90, No. 91, No. 92, No. 93, No. 94, No. 95, No. 96, No. 97, No. 98, No. 99, No. 100, No. 101, No. 102, No. 103, No. 104, No. 105, No. 106, No. 107, No. 108, No. 109, No. 110, No. 111, No. 112, No. 113, No. 114, No. 115, No. 116, No. 117, 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In Chancery of New-Jersey.
Randall Marshall, Complainant, and
Martha Taylor, Defendant, vs.
John Taylor, Joseph Cooper, Colin Cooper, Hugh F. Hollingshead, William Platt, Charles Taylor, Dennis McCredy, Samuel Parker, John Ward, and John Johnson, Defendants.

IT appearing to this Court that the complainant hath filed his bill in the above cause against the above named defendants, and that process of subpoenas to appear and answer, directed to the defendants, hath been regularly issued returnable to the twentieth day of the present month of April, but that the defendants, Maria Taylor, Joseph Cooper, Colin Cooper, Hugh F. Hollingshead, William Platt, Charles Taylor, Dennis McCredy, Samuel Parker, John Ward, and John Johnson, could not be found in this state, to be served therewith, and have not caused their appearance to be entered, as in and by such process had been duly served; and it being made to appear by affidavit, to the satisfaction of the Chancellor, that the said John Cooper, Colin Cooper, Hugh F. Hollingshead, William Platt, Charles Taylor, Dennis McCredy, Samuel Parker, John Ward, and John Johnson, reside in the state of Pennsylvania, and that the residence of the said Maria Taylor is in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, on motion in behalf of John F. Jeffers, Solicitor of the Court, who offereth to the Chancellor, that the said defendants, Maria Taylor, Joseph Cooper, Colin Cooper, Hugh F. Hollingshead, William Platt, Charles Taylor, Dennis McCredy, Samuel Parker, John Ward, and John Johnson, be and are to be summoned by a writ of Habeas Corpus, to appear and answer, or demur to, the bill of the complainant, on or before the second day of July next, or that, in default thereof, the bill be made against them as if they were present and answerable in every way. And it is further ordered, that this order shall, within twenty days, hereafter, be served personally on each of the said defendants, by the said John F. Jeffers, or by any other person, in and by him authorized in that behalf, and that the said John F. Jeffers, or any other person, in and by him authorized, do and cause to be done, in and by him, or by any other person, in and by him authorized, all such things as may be necessary to give effect to the foregoing order, and that the said John F. Jeffers, or any other person, in and by him authorized, do and cause to be done, in and by him, or by any other person, in and by him authorized, all such things as may be necessary to give effect to the foregoing order, and that the said John F. Jeffers, or any other person, in and by him authorized, do and cause to be done, in and by him, or by any other person, in and by him authorized, all such things as may be necessary to give effect to the foregoing order.

THE EGGS.
Answer to the question in our last.

Of the lot containing 50, 7 cents worth were sold at seven for a cent, and for three cents, making, for the whole, ten cents. Of the lot containing 30, 4 cents worth were sold at seven for a cent, and for three cents, making, for the whole, ten cents. And of the lot containing 10, 1 cent's worth was sold at seven for a cent, and the remaining 3 were sold at three cents a piece, making, for this also, ten cents.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ADDRESS TO SCRIBBLERS.
Ah! I am happy to see a lot of you.
No being pious, none laquey my fate,
No being honest, none sympathizing there,
To soothe my sorrows, and my woes abate.

The hour has been, when pleasure was my theme,
When smiling friends encircled me around;
Alas! how changed! that hour was all a dream—
Those friends were fleeing as an empty sound.

Wouldst thou know the cause why I am left alone,
Friendless—oh! wretched! with sorrow to repine;
It was my fate that crumbled friendship's throne,
I laid to rest the influence of the Mine.

Reader, dost thou e'er feel a keen desire
To scribble sonnets to thy "dear expected"?
Restrain thy ardor, quench the muse's fire,
For, by the printer, they may be expected.

Nor canst thou have redress—"tis vain to try,
For if thou dost, it will be out of season."
Toss with a smile, "my friend, he will reply,
I cannot publish neither 'time nor reason'."

A REFORMED SCRIBBLER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ARISTO.
Long may he live, enjoying health and peace,
A nation's gratitude, with competence,
Favored by heaven, may every trouble cease,
And may he meet all joys of soul and sense;
Yet come it must—ah! be the day far hence,
Ere it be said his mortal sin is set.

Thus to him, the blessed consequence,
That while with tears a nation's eyes are wet,
Enraptured angels meet and welcome L. Fayette,
OLD FARMER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MEN'S EDITOR.
Beneath is a riddle not half a day old,
If worth while to guess it, pray let it be told.
April 20, 1825.

I traverse the ocean, I'm seen on the shore,
I wander the deserts, where fies lions roar;
I strut like a dandy, where fies the ton,
Yet the gray-headed seer has adopted me his own;
I sat by the lover when far from his dear,
The night he assu'd her his love was sincere;
The weary has sought me, where hardships did
seize,

By such was I found to their comfort and ease,
I kept a strict watch to a minute of ease,
And once was a symbol of good things foretold,
I vie with the eagle for power in flight,
And with her I rejoice in the quiet of the night.
So now gentle reader, to find out my name,
You've a whole week to try, till the Post comes again.

A Riddle.—A friend and an enemy, a blessing and a curse, serves life and takes it away, is long and short, round and square, smooth and uneven, strait and crooked, hard and soft, hot and cold, most wanted when it is the greatest plenty, accommodates itself to all tastes, sweet and of a bad smell, strong and weak, sometimes able to carry great burdens, and others will bear a pin. For this man make long journeys though they have it at home, is full of reflection, has the art to dissolve matrimony, causes famine and plenty, has the privilege to kiss the fairest lady, is subservient and overbearing, death and a medicine, fluid and solid, a mountain and valley, has a numerous offspring yet an enemy to children, the subject of miracles, a theme for poets, an improver of music, and has occasioned the fairest architecture in the world.

A nobleman observing one day at dinner a person eminent for his philosophical talents intent on choosing the delicacies of the table, said to him, "What do you philosophers love dainties?" "Why not?" returned the other; "do you think, my Lord, that the good things of this world were only made for blockheads?"

It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the Judge's dinners during the Assizes, there was present among the party a certain Dignitary of the Church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the Very Reverend Guest, "I always think, my Lord, that a certain quantity of wine does me no harm after a good dinner." "Oh no, Sir," by no means," replied the Chief Baron—"it is the uncertain quantity that does all the mischief!"

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, among the communications read was the following:

A letter from Major S. Long, giving a description of the Rocky Mountain Gap, a notice of their geographical range, and principal place of resort. The information detailed was given by Mr. Donald McKenzie, of the British Hudson Bay Company, with whom Major Long met on his late journey to St. Peter's River, at the mouth of Assiniboin river, and afterwards confirmed by Mr. Henry, of the same company, at Fort William, on Lake Superior; both these gentlemen spoke from personal observation. The fleeces of these native animals, one of which is in Peale's Museum, exceed in downy softness, that of the Thibet goats, and their introduction into the United States would add greatly to the national wealth. France has already been supplied with working up the fleeces of the Thibet animal imported a few years since, for the expense attending that memorable expedition.